

Oll Coomes' New Story, "THE GIANT RIFLEMAN," commences next week!

NEW YORK Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 374

BEYOND THE GATES.

BY EBEN E. BEXFORD.

If hearts grow faint and weary
Could know what rest awaits
For all earth's burden-bearers
Beyond the shining gates,
With sudden, wondrous rapture
Each soul would leap to-day,
And bring its burden
Go bravely on its way!

If eyes grow dim with weeping
O'er earthly pain and loss
Could see the crowns awaiting
The bearers of the cross,
The heart would leap in gladness
And weary men grow strong,
Forgetful of the burdens
When they have borne so long.

If ears grow deaf to the discord
Of strife and wrong and sin
Could hear one song of Heaven
Above the weary din,
I think no soul would falter
In all life's toilsome ways,
For the grand song song could strengthen
Each heart in weariest days.

Oh, think my weary brother,
O rest beyond the gates!
For all earth's burden-bearers
The peace of Heaven waits.
Be brave and true, my brother:
When weariest seems the way,
Thoughts of God's sweet To-morrow
Will brighten each To-day.

Sowing the Wind; OR, THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE
HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST MISTAKE.
FELIX slept well that first night of her stay at Westwood—slept as a child might have done, calmly, deeply, peacefully, and troubled by no haunting dreams of the dead girl whose birthright she had stolen, the dead girl she had seen stretched out so still, so rigid, so ghastly, on the cottage bed. Instead, her visions were fair and lovely, full of happiness, and Florian Ithamar, for the sudden, sharp impression she had received in that moment in the drawing-room was present in her dreams.

Opposite, on the same corridor, Mr. Ithamar's suite of rooms, through whose length he walked the floor for hours after Rose was dreaming of him, and Jocelyne buried in girlish slumber; walked the length of the elegant rooms, battling with himself that most dread of all battles—the subjugation of true, deserving, honest passion.

It seemed to him he had never before seen so plainly Jocelyne's appreciation of Kenneth Richmond, or his love for her, as he had seen it that night. He had suffered often enough, God alone knew, in throttling this love of his for Jocelyne, but, somehow, to-night the desolate anguish was keener than ever.

"My little precious love—never to be my love, and the very face of the manhood and folly of it all! I love her with all my soul!"

He compressed his lips, that were almost pale with the emotions of his proud, brave, sore tortured heart, and went on in his restless prologue.

"My dear little girl! To think you will never know how I love you—to think you will never know that in you is centered all the passionate affection of young loverhood, the strong, deathless devotion and worship of mature manhood! To think you will marry Kenneth Richmond!"

It seemed as if his very thoughts grew choked with emotion. He bowed his head against the low marble mantel, and stood there several minutes, his strong frame trembling like a woman's. And all for love of bonny Jocelyne whose last waking thought was of Kenneth Richmond, whose first waking thought would be of him!

Slowly the night hours tolled themselves away, and Mr. Ithamar passed them in unflinching self-examination, aroused by the strength of a passion that had never been so relentless in its demands as to-night; passed the night in stern battling to conquer it into passive subjection at least, and when the hour came, long after the dawn of another perfect October day, when he met Jocelyne in the breakfast-room, it was with the manner and face of a man who had come out of some wearying, glorious struggle.

He bade her good-morning quietly, while his eyes lighted at sight of her, in her fresh loveliness, that was enhanced by the becoming morning dress she wore of white alpaca trimmed with cardinal silk.

He was pale and grave, and yet there was a tender, unselfish smile in his eyes and on his face as she sprang to meet him.

"Guardy, dear, good-morning! Isn't it lovely?"

Then her light tone suddenly vanished, and her face grew serious and interested as she noted the pale, weary look he wore.

"Guardy, something is the matter! Something troubles you I know. You look as if you had not rested well. Have you?"

"Had he! The loving comiseration in her tone almost unmanned him for a second.

"Not very well, I will admit, Jocelyne. You are as fresh as a flower this morning. Shall I guess of whom you dreamed? It was Kenneth?"

He plunged into the subject desperately, but even his brave effort did not lessen the pain that the girl's sudden flushed consciousness gave him.

"Oh, no, I did not dream at all!" she answered, yet there was such sweet deepening of color in her cheeks.

Mr. Ithamar took her hand tenderly in his own—not a trace of anything beyond brotherly or fatherly familiarity in the act. He was resolved to be fatherly to her henceforth.

"Jocelyne, my dear child, I want you to an-



"Why, Iva! How interesting the Herald must be that you are still in your morning dress."

swer me a question. How do you like Mr. Richmond?"

Her blossom-like face averted itself suddenly. "I—I don't know—I like him! He is very handsome and educated, and distinguished, Guardy."

"Yes," he answered, slowly, "he is handsome, and educated and distinguished; but is that all that makes a man?"

Jocelyne raised her brown eyes wide.

"Why, of course he is a gentleman of principle, and religious sentiment, and nobility of character, isn't he?"

Mr. Ithamar smiled faintly at her quick defense.

"We will hope so, Jocelyne—for—for—you surely know how—he regards you. Has he spoken to you, child?"

The brown head dropped again in lovely confusion.

"Oh, Guardy, he should not speak to me!"

And Mr. Ithamar turned away just as Rose came into the room, in her lovely morning dress of white, with a scarlet zephyr shawl over her queenly shoulders.

Beside her, Mr. Ithamar proposed a ride to the ladies, which was warmly agreed to, and the horses were ordered for ten o'clock.

Jocelyne went to the music-room for a brief practice before she changed her dress, and Rose took the papers and retired to a sunny corner of the morning-room, while Mr. Ithamar gave audience to some of his head men in the library.

Rose sat there in the warm sunlight, with the appurtenances of luxury and wealth all about her, and herself established there as though—alas! Jocelyne Merle herself, it seemed as if there never could come danger or ought else but absolute safety, and a delightful sense of freedom and content took possession of that was pleasant in the extreme.

A sense that deeper love would lead to rapture, as she occasionally caught sight of a brief paragraph that announced the sudden departure to China of Mr. Ernest St. Felix, who had so recently sustained the loss of his wife in the railway accident so fresh in the memory of the public; a loss made doubly severe in consideration of the fact that he was on his own way home after a protracted absence from her.

Great thrills of almost wild relief surged over her. Ernest St. Felix, her husband, the one man in the world she feared and dreaded, had accepted the fact of his wife's death; had, in all probability, made the necessary investigation, and viewed the grave of the poor dead Iva Ithamar, and then, free as the air, had left the country, when the world, it seemed to Rose, was at the dawn of another perfect October day, when he met Jocelyne in the breakfast-room, it was with the manner and face of a man who had come out of some wearying, glorious struggle.

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him, making his face and eyes, with their over-freight of woe, tell the whole story to the exulting accepted lover who had suspected it before.

And Jocelyne never knew. She never dreamt of the passion she had inspired in this grand, noble heart, that, true as steel to its sense of honor, had never offered its love, choosing to suffer in silent self-abnegation rather than enter the lists with a rival suitor.

She never knew their cause, and yet she noticed with a vague curiosity the lines of patient self-restraint on his face, and the weary, hopeless woe in his eyes.

But Kenneth Richmond saw, and knew, and recognized the glorious unselfishness and brave courage of the man who did not forget his duty or his gracious courtesy because he suffered.

And he listened, with a sneering smile hidden under his drooping mustache, to the words that a less unscrupulous man might have regarded as a curse; and he thought of a truth Fate was very good to him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WILLING WIDOWER.

The library at Sunset Hill was a small, cozy room, that looked particularly comfortable when the green silk curtains were drawn across the French windows, and the soft glow of the lights that burned like silver moons inside their globes, illuminated the snowy statuettes and green-gold bronzes, and brightened the distinct relief the gold cornices on the tinted walls.

Kenneth Richmond was sitting in his library the evening of the day he had been accepted by Mr. Ithamar for Jocelyne, a cigar between his lips, his feet resting on an embroidered foot-rest that some admiring lady had made him, his curly head lying lazily against the dark emerald leather-cushioned chair he had drawn to one side of the low, cheerful fire that burned behind its silver bars.

Opposite him, in another large easy-chair, also enjoying a cigar, was a gentleman of attractive personal appearance—of tall, well-built figure, graceful in bearing, and having about him an air of strengthfulness that would have instantly impressed one not the strength of physical power, although that was apparent, but the positive, willful, determined resolution written in every line of his face, from the quiet, steady gaze of his handsome blue eyes, to the compressed lips large, well molded, but almost cruel in their stern truthfulness.

He was unquestionably a handsome man, as was Kenneth Richmond, and yet there was that about him, as about Kenneth Richmond, that impressed one with a vague, almost nameless sense of distrustfulness, that impressed a close, thoughtful observer with the idea that he was a man whose will, whatever that will was, was his law, and that his will was not always what conscience and honor would approve.

That the two were friends was self-evident, and they were old, tried friends who had stood by each other in more than one disagreeable affair, and who knew each other and each other's ways to perfection.

Mr. Richmond sat lazily puffing out the rings of cigar-smoke, while they spoke until suddenly his guest broke the brief silence with a low, musical laugh.

"It almost passes my comprehension when I try to realize that you are actually engaged to be married. How did it come about, Kenneth?"

Richmond smiled good-humoredly.

"Come to think of it, Sainty, it is odd, isn't it? Although it strikes me you are hardly the fellow to chaff me for thrusting my head under the yoke, seeing how you have worn one yourself very lately."

Ernest St. Felix recrossed his legs more comfortably.

The yoke did not gall me very much, you know, Kenneth, for as Rose was such an up-to-date little girl, I presume I have only to recall my own indiscretions in permitting a temporary fascination for a pretty girl to lead me into marriage, to fully comprehend your reasons."

Richmond answered, slowly: just a little warmly:

"You may call your temporary fascination for the girl whom you made your wife an infidelity, if you will, Sainty, but I shall not call my engagement with Miss Merle anything but the most glorious streak of luck that ever happened me. Our cases are vastly different, remember, Sainty. You were independently wealthy and married a poor, obscure girl for her beauty. I am a miserable devoting myself to my wife's precious looks, while Sainty, for all I've been flushed for a year or two, and Miss Merle has a fortune in her own right, and is allied to the best families of the time. It will be the making of me, Sainty. And besides, she is beautiful and graceful and charming enough to have turned my heart as well as my head. Such eyes, Sainty—and such a foot!"

St. Felix smiled through the fragrant blue haze.

"And your reputation as connoisseur is established, you know, in those directions! Yes, I really think you are to be credited for your good sense in securing so much that is desirable, at one grasp. Let me give you one word of advice, however, only a word, Kenneth. Never let go tight hold of your Sainty, for all I've been flushed for a year or two, and Miss Merle has a fortune in her own right, and is allied to the best families of the time. It will be the making of me, Sainty. And besides, she is beautiful and graceful and charming enough to have turned my heart as well as my head. Such eyes, Sainty—and such a foot!"

Kenneth took up the thread just where St. Felix dropped it:

"Or attempts to get it, Sainty, as Mrs. St. F. did?"

A swift, lurid light leaped into the blue beauty of St. Felix's eyes and the handsome, cruel mouth compressed itself.

"As she attempted for years, in vain, Kenneth, and met with her just deserts at the last, when she ran away from her home, and was killed in the very act of conjugal disobedience."

There was not the faintest trace of sorrow or regret on his face, nor a tinge of remorse in his low-toned voice.

"And now you are free again, Sainty—not that your wife's existence made any very great difference to you, but if you should care to marry again—"

St. Felix laughed—almost boyishly in his unfrowned amusement.

"Thanks very much—no, Kenneth! And even if I were inclined matrimonially do you think I should be very successful in my wooing were the fair lady to know that I was traveling under an assumed name (as I shall do) and that the reason is, I had given the public at large to understand that I was off for a foreign tour; when, really, I was in hiding for certain reasons?"

"Because I was thinking, Sainty," Kenneth went on, almost disregarding of what St. Felix had been saying, "it was a very glorious thing if you could get into the good graces of a lady I know, very recently—a Miss Ithamar, the cousin of Miss Merle's guardian and heiress of Westwood, if her cousin never marries. She's a beauty, Sainty—one of your classic style, you know, very pale and haughty, with midnight eyes and golden hair, and the manner of a princess of the blood royal."

St. Felix shrugged his shoulders.

"Thanks again, no. The description savors too strongly of Rose—except the golden hair—which was fair, with dark hair and eyes, and when her blood was up—well, I believe she would have killed me more than once. I remember especially after the little affair with the Tessellah—she liked red and yellow—oh, well, there is no use recalling all that's past."

Although jaded by a long and rapid ride, his good horse held his own, until after a short chase the pursuers gave up their daring game.

A league further, and the horseman came upon a deep gorge in the mountains, and here he caught sight of a wild scene—half a thousand camp-fires were visible dotting the valley, and around them lay vast hundreds of brave soldiers—while the moonlight fell upon the white canvas walls of tents here and there, the head-quarters of the officers.

It was the camp of the Cretan army, and, struck with admiration and awe, the young courier reined in his steed and contemplated the warlike scene.

Then he urged his horse for verd one more; but the steed was suddenly unled back upon his haunches, and two dark forms stood at his head-quarters of the officers.

It was the camp of the Cretan army, and,

answered, flippantly. "All the same, I shall insist on you calling with me at Westwood, some time, and meeting my lovely little betrothed, and seeing Miss Ithamar. You'll envy me, depend upon it. Promise me you'll go over some day, Sainty. If you'll say you'll go, of old your promise is as good as another man's bond. Will you go?"

St. Felix looked thoughtfully into the embers.

"Yes, I'll go sometime, and meet you again some time—after this little annoyance about the cancellation of that mortgage has blown over. Bear in mind one thing, Kenneth, that, until further notice from me, you refer to me as Saintonion; it is not so unlike my name as to be awkward to you in calling it, and yet sufficiently different to answer the purpose."

A silence ensued, broken only by the falling of a coal in the grate, and the sound of a rising wind that went surging through the trees outside. The two men sat and smoked, and then Richmond rung for wine, and they lingered over it a while longer, and then they separated for the night, St. Felix to be conducted to the guest-chamber, and Richmond to remain alone in the library, with the doors locked, his cabinet of papers drawn toward him, near the fire and the light, and his face wearing a pale and annoyed that had been hidden during the evening.

He went carefully over several closely-written letters, his forehead contracting into deeper, blacker frowns with each reading; and then he selected the shortest of the lot, the one of latest date, and fairly glared at it.

"Two thousand dollars! He might as well ask me for two thousand worlds! The impudent scoundrel, to dare present his claims soon, and threaten trouble if not paid by December tenth—less than two months, and I with not a thousand dollars in the world, and my marriage coming off before long!"

He read and re-read the short, curt communication, as if it fascinated him; then, with an oath, he put it in his pocket.

"I'll consent, Sir, when he is furnish, he'll help me; but, if he'll put me in the way of getting it. In either case, the marriage shall be hurried up. Jocelyne and her money shall be mine by December tenth, and then—"

He snapped his thumb and finger, and smiled. (To be continued—commenced in No. 372.)

CASUS BELLI.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

Kiss and make up? Well, that is good. Who was the lady, dressed in white, That went a-rambling in the wood?

With you, fair cavalier, last night? And all the while I sat alone?

Waiting for some on, "Well-a-day," As the old song says, "and made sad moan

For a gallant lover gone astray.

St. John and I, we're both in love, Then when I'm a-begging, tell

How then and there I made a vow

To do my duty brave and well;

And though my heart broke in the act,

To claim my poor love back once more,

And say good-by, it is a fact,

And my short dream of bliss is over.

Don't be so foolish! You forgot?

With eyes of blue and hair gold-shot,

And teeth that shine like Orient pearl,

Will always make you men forget;

And what indeed was little me,

With chestnut hair and eyes tear-wet,

To such a queenly one as she?

Forge you? Well, say that I do,

How soon will you do wrong again?

I'll bring you to the boat, I swear,

Your boating trip with Nelly Vane,

Just after I had begged to go,

For one bright sunny afternoon;

You told me that you couldn't row;

That took place, as you know, in June.

You went for fun? Oh, yes! Then there

Is that long ride with Maggie Wright,

A sacrifice? A joy, a night?

A frolic, say you? Very well.

But how about last evening's walk?

All very happy, though will tell

How it was all a business talk.

That might do it been a coat,

Instead of a soft dress of white;

And it was a coat, when you say?

On business to us, late at night.

You beg my pardon, sir? Well, I

Will think about the matter, and I

If forgive you I should try,

What would your highness then command?

That I will never jealous be?

Well, sir, I will only promise this,

To be your friend, when you trust to me;

That must suffice. Now take your kiss,

And mind, sir, though the siren sings,

Don't go a-flirting any more,

For in love's world it's such small things

That are the cause of bitter war.

The Cretan Rover;

OR,

ZULEIKAH, THE BEAUTIFUL.

A Romance of the Crescent and the Cross.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE FLYING YANKEE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

KAZIL, THE SPANIOLITE.

LIKE the wind the Spakiote courier flew along, over the rough Cretan roads, giving free rein to his swift steed, and seemingly bent only on reaching his destination.

Adown the narrow, high valleys, around jutting cragges, crowded with the rude and ancient guard towers of Rethymnon and Turks, and slowly crumbling to decay—across smooth, swiftly-flowing rivulet, and at length up the steep mountain side he wound his way, neither steer nor rider seeming to know fatigue.

At length he came suddenly upon several horsemen, leisurely descending the mountain side.

Who they were he knew not; but there was no time to halt, no time to turn, and urging his horse forward, he drew his scimitar, and in an instant was in their midst.

There was a clash of steel, a flash or two, the report of firearms, and the flying horseman bounded on, leaving the small party surprised at his sudden and unexpected attack at his escape.

"By Allah! seize ye!" he heard, in the ringing tones of the leader, and as he cut through those who had confronted him, he had caught sight of the blue, face-covered uniform and red fez of the Turk.

A glance behind him, and he beheld that one of the party lay dead in the road, while the remainder, four in number, were preparing to give chase.

Away he skurried, with the speed of a deer, unmindful of the shot fired after him, and the clatter of hoofs in pursuit.

Although jaded by a long and rapid ride, his good horse held his own, until after a short chase the pursuers gave up their daring game.

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Then he urged his horse for verd one more;

but the steed was suddenly unled back upon his haunches, and two dark forms stood at his head-quarters of the officers.

It was the camp of the Cretan army, and,

struck with admiration and awe, the young courier reined in his steed and contemplated the warlike scene.

Then he urged his horse for verd one more;

lah from the power of Al Sirat. You have already served Crete nobly in what you and your noble friends have done; but you run terrible risk—your lives are worthless if discovered."

"Well we know that; but not to work. How many men have you with you?"

"Three hundred, and plenty of means of transportation."

"Good! Now let us set to work."

For two hours the work of loading the uncouth vehicles and packing the asses and steeds went swiftly and busily on, and then the head of the transportation column filed from the ruin, and wound into the orange grove on its return.

Farewells were then spoken—a warm pressure of the hands of Julian and Paul, and Iturbide mounted his steed and fell in with the rear guard of his force, and which was composed of the volunteers brought in the Silver Scimitar.

For some moments the two friends remained silently gazing after the retiring column, and then Paul said:

"Come, there must be off."

"Yes, there is no time to lose; but I would that we could solve the mystery of this old ruin—ha!" and Paul bounded away, and disappeared in the deep recesses of the crumbling temple.

Quickly Julian followed him.

Paul Malvern was standing in an open court, a puzzled expression upon his face—the scimitar in one hand, his revolver in the other.

"Signor, as I spoke a while since, I glanced back into this ruin; I saw the same misty, phantom-like being we beheld the night before—ay, and the hideous, deformed creature that I attacked, and killed."

"Holy Heaven! did you behold him, too?"

"Yes."

"Are you certain that you killed him? Remember how his body disappeared."

"Yes; but El Estin was dead—a sword-thrust was all it took, his body disappeared."

"Yes, I shot the creature through the head; I saw the wound it made; it was not a glancing shot, as was the one the Turk gave me; it was whom I killed—or—"

"Or what, Malvern?"

"His counterpart."

"Say rather his spirit," replied the Cretan, his superstitious nature again exerting control of his sound sense.

For a moment Paul made no reply; then he said, thoughtfully:

"I would that we could solve this mystery ere we go."

"Ha, ha, ha," broke in ringing, wild, demonical laughter through the ruin, and in a hoarse, deep basso came an echo:

"Ha, ha, ha."

"Come, Malvern; this is tempting Providence too far. None here yet solved the mystery of those caves. Come."

"I will yet solve this diabolical mystery, if God spares my life to return hither," muttered Paul, and the two friends walked slowly from the ruin.

Half an hour after the Silver Scimitar slowly glided seaward, and left behind her the haunted ruin in the ill-fated land of Crete.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

PIQUE.

BY HERIBERT MORTGAGE.

Well, be it so, since you will have it so: And this shall be the end. With all my heart! One kiss for form's sake before we part—(Of course our love is dead)—and I will go.

Tis true we both regret it sore; but then No doubt's t best. It was not of my doing. Yet I confess I had grown tired of wooing, And it is pleasant to be free again.

So here's my hand; I bear you no despite For freeing me from vows that I repeat. Henceforth no more of sickly sentiment; We both are grown more wise. And now, good-night.

What! owing, sweet? Nay then, but whisper low. They all jest—but you feel no regret, And I will swear that I do love you yet. And that for worlds I would not let you go.

Silver Sam;

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XXXVI I.

SPECULATING ON THE CHANCES.

Coolly and resolutely the duelists paced off to their stations, but Montana was by all odds the cooler of the two.

Germaine had allowed his anger to get the better of him; besides, to a certain extent, he had been forced into this quarrel. He had not intended to give the miner a chance at him. He was brave enough, but he preferred always to have the advantage on his side, but in this matter "the honors were easy." A fair fight it was and no favor; man to man and pistol to pistol, and Heaven defend the right! to use the old end of the herald's proclamation when he threw down the truncheon, the signal for the knights to enter the lists and do battle unto the death.

Along with the major came Lieutenant Perkins as a sort of a second, and the two officers exchanged a few words as they promenaded up the street.

"Well, you're in for it, major," the lieutenant remarked.

"Yes, but I didn't intend that the matter should take this turn," replied Germaine. "I wanted the fellow to gauntlet with some of the men so that I could have a chance to lay him by the heels, but the chap has been too smart for me."

"Is he anything of a shot?"

"I have the remotest idea."

"The chances are that he isn't."

"I don't know anything about it."

"You are going to try to wing him. I suppose?"

"Yes, if I can," the major answered, grimly and from between his set teeth. "The fellow has forced this thing upon me, and I intend to make him pay dearly for his rashness if I am able to."

"If this thing gets out at head-quarters it might make trouble," Perkins suggested. The lieutenant was a prud' man and always kept a wary eye to the min' chance.

"Oh, no one is likely to hear of it; and if I should be called to an account I can easily represent it all as a street fight. I was attacked by a ruffian and was compelled to use my weapons in self-defens."

"Yes, that would do; but, how are you going to manage this thing—going to open fire at the word?"

"Yes, and no. If he is not an expert used to smelling gunpowder in this sort of way, the chances are ten to one that he will begin firing the moment the word is given and blaze away until his weapon is empty. My game is a simple one, then. The moment the word is given I give him two shots; that will probably startle him, and, thinking that I will wing him before he gets a chance, he undoubtedly will blaze away as fast as he can, and as he will be nervous the chances are that he'll miss me; then, after his weapon is empty, we'll be pretty close quarters, and I'll have four shots left."

"And then you'll hit him, sure!" the lieutenant exclaimed.

"Yes, I think I stand a chance to, unless he gets frightened and runs; in that case I'll let him off easy, for he'll never dare to show his head in Deadwood again, or if he does he'll be apt to keep a mighty still tongue in his head," observed the major, complacently.

By this time the two had arrived at the appointed station and the lieutenant with a parting salutation withdrew to a safe distance from the field of action.

Perkins had no faith in Montana's marksmanship and was fully convinced that his bullets would fly wide.

Hallowell had accompanied the miner to his port and a few words were exchanged between the two on the way there.

"Darn that cuss!" Hallowell growled. "I wouldn't have given him this chance, nōhow! You had him in the saloon—had the 'drop' right on him, and you could have peppered him—he deserved it, too. Any man that goes and talks 'bout another man ought to keep his eyes open afterwards, and if the second chap salivated him, good enough; he started the funeral!"

"Oh, let the man have a fair show," was Montana's careless response.

"Christmas! You're jest as co'l as an iceberg!" Hallowell exclaimed, in great admiration.

"Old fellow, I hold life so cheaply that I don't care whether I win or lose," Montana replied.

"Are you good with the poppers?" the big miner asked, a spic of anxiety in his tone.

"Oh, pretty fair, I guess I could hit a cow fifty feet off."

Hallowell shook his head.

"Partner, I'm afraid he's got the best on you. Them soldiers hasn't got nothin else to do but to shoot pistols and sich like."

"Well, old man, I've faced a grizzly bear with nothing but a revolver in my paw, when it was certain death if I didn't hit her in a vital place at the first crack—and I live to tell you of it."

"Oh, State of Maine! gin it to him!" was Hallowell's emphatic demand.

"Plant me decently if I go under," and Montana laughed as he made the request.

"Oh, don't talk that way!" and Hallowell was very much affected. "If this chap has rung in a cold deal on you, burn me to thunders, if I don't go for him with a meat-ax! I don't take no stock in these pop-guns, but I'd climb him, and four more like him, with a good-sized ax and take a contract to lay the hull caboose of 'em out."

Bludsoe's speech was brought to a speedy end by a movement for action on the part of the major.

"Ready?" responded the major, promptly.

"Ready," answered Montana, in the next breath.

"Oh, sock it to him if you love me!" cried Hallowell, and then he hurried away.

The crowd which had been collected in little groups, in the center of the street, instantly scattered in all directions, each man eager to secure some available position from which to witness the coming fight without exposing his precious person to the risk of receiving a stray revolver-ball.

Not a man in the crowd but felt sure that when the "fun" did open it would be hot and heavy.

Germaine, as a military man, of course, was fighter, and Montana, within the last few days, had given such proofs of his skill in fist-cuffs that nine out of ten in the crowd believed that the soldier had caught a tartar.

And no stronger advocate of this opinion was there than the Boss Bullwhacker of Shian!

Safely ensconced behind a large drygoods box, which happened to be standing on the verge of the sidewalk, his nose—glowing in its rich tints, like a new-lighted beacon, and just showing above the edge of the box—was squatting down on his haunches like a huge frog, and as he squatted he expressed his opinions of the subject now before the meeting.

"He sed that that deer-skin-kivered chap had no fun in him, he did. He led me on like the young heifer a-go'in to the slaughter. Has me ten dollars that I couldn't fix him, an' he was right; right for duets, every time, for that deer-skin brute sloshed me 'round jes' as easy as my lead-mule kicks a stranger with his foot—an' the pilgrim is a-puttin on the collar! Now, he's a-go'in to see how it is himself. I owe that soldier cuss thirty dollars, but I stand ready to forgive the debt of Montana plugs him."

"I am agreeable to bet any gentlem in fifteen thousand dollars that the major wins him in the first three shots!" cried the old general, popping up his head from behind a barrel on the opposite side of the street, "and if any gentleman doubts that I possess the funds I will pu' up my note for the amount!"

"'ll go you four dollars and two bits that you can't write!" cried the bullwhacker, promptly.

And there was a laugh, and then a general "hush!" went up on the air. The moment for opening the contest was near at hand, and not a man on the ground but believed that either one or both of the actors would fall in the struggle.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE SHOOTING-MATCH.

OLD John Brown looked up the street and then he looked down. Motionless as statues stood the two men, the moonbeams dancing upon the polished surface of the weapons which they grasped in their hands.

The saloon-keeper saw that both were ready for the fight. He believed that the advantage lay with the soldier, thinking that he was certainly more expert in the use of the pistol than the miner; and so, in order that the major might not have time to take deliberate aim between the word one and the word fire, he rattled out the sentence as fast as he could.

"One—two—three—fire!" he cried.

"Crack! crack!" went Germaine's revolver, the soldier firing almost on the word.

Montana had not even raised his weapon.

A long breath was drawn by the lookers-on, so intense the inspiration that it sounded on the air like the convulsive gasp of some huge animal.

Motionless stood the miner, and one and all looked anxiously toward him; so still he stood that the spectators believed that he was hit, and even the major was deceived and glared anxiously at him, stepping forward two or three paces, thinking to behold his antagonist totter and fall.

And then, in that moment of suspense, just as the spectators were beginning to think that the miner had been stricken by some strange kind of palsy which fettered his limbs and yet permitted him to stand erect, like a flash up came the right arm of Montana, and the moment that the pistol was on a line with the shoulder, apparently without taking any aim at all, the miner fired—one solitary shot.

And as the white smoke curled up on the air, almost with the report of the revolver,

the major uttered a stifled groan and reeled back a step or two.

"By Jove! he's hit!" old John Brown exclaimed, unable to repress the exclamation.

And indeed it was the most marvelous shot that the men of Deadwood had ever seen.

Lieutenant Perkins perceiving that the major had been wounded, sprang forward to his assistance.

The miner's arm, after the firing of the single shot, had dropped back listlessly to his side, and he stood, quietly surveying his antagonist, evidently waiting for the major to signify whether he wished the affair to go on or not.

"You are hit, major!" Perkins exclaimed.

"Yes, the scoundrel has put a ball through the fleshly part of my arm!" the soldier cried, through his clenched teeth. "An accidental shot! I'll bet a thousand dollars that he can't do it again!"

Germaine was terribly excited.

"Will you continue? You are wounded in your right arm," and the Lieutenant perceived the blood streaming down upon his hand and staining the polished butt of the revolver.

"Continue!" cried the major, in a rage, "by all the furries! I'll kill him, in the next fire! I'm not disabled yet, and if my right arm gives out the left remains. Retire, Lieutenant, retire!"

The soldier was plucky! there was no mistake about that, for he was evidently suffering extreme pain. The blood was running quite freely down his arm and his face was quite pale.

Perkins ran back to his former position. He fully agreed with the major in regard to the shot being an accidental one, for the miner had, seemingly, taken no aim at all, and the distance was about as great as a revolver could be depended upon to throw a ball with sufficient force to do mischief.

The opinion that the excellent shot was only a chance one was general among the bystanders, one decided exception only—Mr. Bludsoe.

The Pride of the Nie rara was quite satisfied that Montana had "plugged"—as he expressed it—the soldier on purpose.

"I presume you will oblige the lady?" Montana remarked, perceiving that Hallowell was motionless with amazement.

"Oh, yes, sartin," the big friend responded, evidently still laboring under the effects of the surprise.

"In course, anything to oblige. I'll wait for you at the turn of the road," he continued, addressing his partner, and then he inclined his head profoundly to the lady, "Good-evening, ma'am."

The tall son of Maine was in a state of great amazement as he walked slowly up the road, leaving the woman and Montana together.

"Well, durn my cats!" he muttered, "ef this here part o' mine don't take the hull caboose of 'em for all they're worth. Furst one, it's the t'other. I reckon if this here sort o' thing goes on much longer we'll have the pair of them clawing each other next; and that all-fired cuss, too, takes it jest as cool as a cucumber! I wonder which one of the two he's goin to hang on to? The leetle one is playing mig ty spunkly. I reckon that she's heered bout t'other one, and means to make Montana show his colors. Generally it's the fellers that run after the gals, but in this case, the boot's on the other leg. Durn me! if I thought the leetle critter would have tried it on so bold, though she was allers so shy; but, when a gal gits it bad, they're a heap sight worse than us thanes!"

Bludsoe's speech was brought to a speedy end by a movement for action on the part of the major.

He advanced some twenty feet, raised his arm—an operation that caused him to wince perceptibly with pain—and took deliberate aim right at Montana's face. The pale features of the miner, with the full light of the moon shining upon them, afforded a splendid mark.

The soldier evidently intended to kill his antagonist, if it was in his power to do so.

"Oh, kin do

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Sunshine Papers.

Into the Battle.

INTO the battle of life hundreds of young men and maidens are soon to march, to fill their places, to fight for good or evil, to win success or meet with failure. This thought comes to us with the warm June days, and daily notices in the papers of commencement days at seminaries, colleges and universities, taking place now throughout the length and breadth of our land.

At first, we scarcely think of the warfare—physical, moral, social and religious—these announcements prefigure. Instead we think, with smiles—recalling the days when we were of this happy fraternity—of orations that are being prepared, of choruses under practice, of dinners and reunions anticipated, of crowded halls, of well dressed throngs, of congratulatory friends, of music, and prizes, and flowers, and applause. Now comes the time when "friend must bid good-bye to friend;" when those that have lasted warn and true three-four happy years must be sundered, and shall be never again the same. In a few weeks, now, the student-life will be a pleasant dream of the past, and the real life will have commenced; for then every college and seminary of our land this June-time, 1877, as in many Junes past, will send forth its class of students from the narrow arena of *Alma Mater* walls, to the wide arena of the world—there to work and strive.

And in what part of the fray will all these young warriors take their place? How many of them shall hear in after years, as they bear

on graduation day, the applause of an approving crowd? It remains with them alone to decide. Success awaits all those who enter the fray with brave hearts and unwavering patience; for all those who have practiced, through their school days, until they have become integral principles of their lives, thoroughness, perseverance, uprightness, love of purity and truth, hatred of trickery and deceit, to choose death rather than commitment of dishonorable acts! Some will choose to war in the cause of the law; others will fight in the cause of science; man will battle for souls, and some for lives—with the weapons of medicine, surgery, and common-sense. There will be those entering the paths of literature, the majority to do light work, a few, perhaps, to accomplish something more profound. The ranks of merchants, bankers, brokers, will be swelled, and clerkships not a few will be sought. Many will become teachers, some in time professors; a minute portion may develop musical and histrioic talents, or become explorers. Some may give their attention to the science of engineering, and some may have so little ambition for themselves and so little love for humanity as to be nothing and do nothing!

But how many of these young warriors will have so true an appreciation of self-dignity and the dignity of labor as not to be ashamed to turn the attention of their developed minds and trained intellects to some mechanical labor? How many will feel within them the spirit of the true man and hero, and dare to contest for success against their brother graduate, who enters the law or the ministry, by themselves becoming an architect, a builder, a mason, a plumber or a farmer; and go to college reunions from the workshop or the reaping of a ten-acre field.

And how many of the young ladies, who for years have been undergoing a process of mind-training and culture under the supervision of professors, will go into this battle of life with bold determination to turn this training to some account? Will they keep on with their studies when study is no longer a matter of enforcement but of choice? Will they make deep researches in Latin and Greek? Will they pursue their knowledge in French and German yet? Will they be competent interpreters, teachers or translators? Will they still devote themselves to scientific researches until their names and researches, perchance discoveries and inventions, be spoken of with praise and gratitude by many people? Will they make music a science! mathematics a profession? or their knowledge of literature, or work in that line, of monetary value in the literary market? Or will they prove cowards and laggards in the battle of life, afraid to do any good work for themselves or others?

But, let us hope that in the army our scholastic institutions shall send out into the world this summer-time there will be many men and women who, fighting well the battle of life, shall win before and after death the victor's crown.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

For I always inventing something or other. When I was learning shoemaking I used to spend a good deal of my time, and more of the boss', in this pursuit. I worked on perpetual motion a great deal, but never thought I had found it since I used to turn the grindstone for my father. Heaven bless him!

Of late I have devoted a great deal of attention to the discovery of a machine that would help me to rest, but I see that I can't make any improvement that would answer better than my own natural frame, which is nearly worn out from having so much resting to do.

Among my most desirable inventions of late is the sheet-iron boarder. This is designed expressly for boarders at cheap boarding-houses, and for their relief when victuals are execrably bad. It is seated in your chair, taking your place at the table, and does the eating for you, allowing you to stay away and tend to other business. By this arrangement you don't have to be on hand at any meal. The beauty of the thing is it eats everything that is on the table without manifestations of disgust, and it doesn't get sick over it, and never growls. Landladies like them, and boarders think they are heavenly. The sheet iron boarder can be regulated to eat just as much as you would if the victuals were good, and its board costs no more than if you were there yourself.

For the purpose of making gardening I have invented a steel snout which I place on the noses of pigs, and let them into the yard. It is better than a spade or plow, and allows you plenty of time to go into the house and assort your money, putting the big bills in one pile, and the little bills in another, and doing them up in large bundles.

I have also taken out a patent for a machine for taking out the kinks in pigs' tails, which is highly beneficial to the cause of science.

One of my inventions is a cast-iron man, to be used only in editors' rooms, and when any man comes in and begins to talk about more than everything that he knows, the editor can politely refer him to this cast-iron man, and tell him to talk to it. It is made of the best and hardest iron by a new process, and in an ordinary editorial room will be warranted to last a year—unless it gets too much talk. A new one can then be purchased.

I have invented an egg-scoop, which is one of the handsomest things in use; it will shovel up one peck of eggs at a time, and you can then empty them into your barrels. It is a great improvement on the ordinary slow way of taking them up, three at a time, with your hand; the eggs might break, but this egg-scoop never can. It is warranted.

My burglar alarm is a good thing, and is highly recommended by everybody, except the burglars. It looks like an ordinary bureau, and is of the same size, with looking-glass on the top; but it has only two feet instead of four. This is set up against the door when you go to bed at night, and when the thief pushes the door open it falls over on the floor with a terrible crash, which alarms the thief (and you a little), and he runs away. It is a very effective scare. It is a splendid thing for traveling men; the inconvenience of carrying it along is fully compensated by its general utility.

My runaway horse stopper is a fine invention, and is selling rapidly. It is a very heavy anchor of iron, not quite as large as a ship's anchor, but is just as good; to this is attached a strong rope. You carry it in your buggy, and when your horse runs off all you have got to do is to get out and tie the rope around his hind leg securely, and let the anchor drag on the ground. It stops the horse most effectively—if you get it on right.

The coin measure, which I have spent much time on, is pronounced perfect. It measures a peck at a time, and there is no telling how many bushels an ordinary man can measure in a day, if he begins early. It is very convenient in a small family, and no man should be without one. They are so cheap that the poorest can afford one.

My contrivance to remove corns is splendid. It consists of a solid frame with two strong handles on each end for two men to carry. You roll the corn over it with a crowbar, if it is one of ordinary size, and with assistance you can remove it to the bone yard.

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IF I WERE A FLOWER.

BY MRS. ROGERS.

If I were a beautiful, delicate flower,
With a tint like an ocean shell,
I would seek to gladden each passing hour
For thee whom I love so well.

If I were a rose with a wondrous skill,
I would fling the linner's art,
That thine eyes might rest on my charms at
will.

While my perfume filled thy heart.

If I were a creamy orange-bud,
My nectar I'd diffuse,
Till my soul should bathe in the ambient flood,
Faint and sweet with glimmering dews.

If I were a sweet amanone,
Or a delicate aphrodite,
Or mine eyes were bright as the starry light
That lurks in the hyacinth bell;

If I were a lily, white and fair,
Unstained as a drift of snow,
Yet warmed to life by the balmy air
That over the gardens blow;

My love, I would tell in each crystal,
As my mystical leaves would open,
And my deep devotion be pictured well
In the purple heliotrope.

Ahl no fabled lotus-cup have I,
With enchantment in its cell;
Yet I link thee with all that is pure and high,
These, the whom I love so well.

Forget if thou canst I am human quite,
If only for one short hour,
And let me live in thy dreams to-night
As a beautiful pink-veined flower.

America's Commodores.

SOMERS AND SHUBRICK.

BY CAPT. JAMES MCKENZIE.

NEITHER Richard Somers nor John Temple Shubrick were "commodores" by title, but both served so brilliantly in the early naval history of the Republic, and both died so young in the discharge of duty that their memories are still fondly cherished by all who revere high courage and chivalrous devotion to the flag.

Somers came of patriotic stock. His father and grandfather were wealthy landed proprietors of Cape May county, New Jersey. The father was a prominent Whig and patriot during the Revolutionary troubles, who, for the safety of his family, moved from Great Egg Harbor into Philadelphia, where Richard was born in 1779. He was educated at Burlington, and, after no little coast cruising, which fostered his fondness for the sea, he entered the navy in 1798, as midshipman.

The first vessels put in commission were the Ganges, 24 guns; Constellation, 38; Delaware, 20; and United States, 44. This little force bore the broad pennant of Commodore John Barry, senior officer in the service, and in her Somers made his first cruise, with Stephen Decatur for a mess companion, and young Barron and Stewart as lieutenants. The United States saw no belligerent service, and sailed to Lisbon in 1799, when Somers had become third lieutenant. When the "French Directory Troubles" war ended, in 1800, he had become second lieutenant, and was known as an excellent officer on the finest vessel in the young navy.

The French war being closed, the frigate was laid up, and Somers was transferred to the Boston, 28, as first lieutenant, in 1801. In her he cruised the Mediterranean for over a year, returning at the close of 1802.

His first command was in the gun-boat Nautilus, of 12 guns, a schooner of 165 tons, designed for light service on the Barbary coast. Thither he proceeded in the summer of 1803, as part of Commodore Dale's squadron, operating against Tripoli. Being a small and fleet craft, splendidly handled, the Nautilus was very busy as convoy and dispatch boat all that fall and winter, in which service Somers won the entire confidence of the commodore, and excited the admiration of his brother officers for his spirit, efficiency, and gentlemanly bearing.

In March, 1804, the Nautilus and Siren were blockading the harbor of Tripoli, when they overhauled and captured a privateer running under English colors, but really in the service of the Bashaw of Tripoli. This craft was rechristened the Scourge, 16 guns, and put into the blockade, although President Jefferson's "scruples" prevented her formal condemnation as a prize.

Preble's squadron assembled in force before Tripoli late in July (1804), and, as noted in our sketch of the commodore, then commenced a series of attempts on the Moor stronghold that put American valor, seamanship and efficiency to a severe test. Officers and crews alike seemed inspired with a spirit of emulation that courted danger, and welcomed an order for attack as a compliment to their courage.

Somers and his friend Decatur were given command of the two divisions of gun-boats (three each, and six in all) loaned to Preble by the King of Naples. They were light, and being well manned by Neapolitan and by detachments from the crews of their own vessels, were put by Preble to the work of demolishing the Moor gun-boat fleet lying along and outside the reef in front of the harbor, and fully covered by the batteries erected on the reef.

The first attack on this fleet, made on the 2d of August, was of remarkable gallantry. Decatur, with the leeward division, carried his vessels right into the very midst of the Moor boats, and entered into a hand-to-hand combat on their decks. He was joined by one of Somers' divisions, under James Decatur (a brother of Stephen), while another of Somers' boats, obeying Preble's signal of recall, retired from the fight. This left Somers alone to sustain the concentrated fire of the westernmost section of the enemy's boats and their reef batteries. He ran his little craft, with its one long gun, within pistol shot of the Moor's fire-boats, and by keeping the vessel from drifting by the use of sweeps, held her in position until he had actually compelled the Moors to run. The commodore, seeing his peril, ran the Constitution, the flag ship, as close as practicable, and by covering Somers with his broadside, enabled the lieutenant to get out of the unequal combat, which had been one of imminent danger.

This gun-boat contest was renewed on August 7th. The two divisions were again led by Decatur and Somers—their vessels now increased in number to nine, by Decatur's captures from the Moors on the 2d. This combat, like the first, was one of unflinching bravery, and ended by the dispersion of the Moors' fleet outside the reef.

Aug. 28th (Somers then advanced, by commission from home received on the 7th, to the grade of commander) a third gun-boat assault was made. Under cover of night the light vessels anchored near the reef rocks, and when thus in near position to the harbor and town, opened on the place by a tremendous cannon-

ade, sustained by the squadron fire. Every one of the Tripolitan gun-boats and galleys were either sunk, beached or driven into the harbor under the fortress guns.

Sept. 3d a fourth assault was tried, when Somers and Decatur, with their little fleet, passed into the harbor's mouth and succeeded in concentrating the enemy's flotilla in the inner harbor.

To destroy it there was Preble's desire. The plan adopted is said to have been proposed by Somers. Environs of, but not displeased with the brilliant success of his friend Stephen Decatur (in the affairs of the gun-boat flotilla attacks, as well as in the daring dash into the harbor on the night of February 15th, when Decatur destroyed the captive ship Philadelphia) Somers sought the post of most danger—that of trying to fire the shipping in the harbor, and by the explosion of a vast mass of powder to so shatter the Moors' defenses as to compel the Bashaw to terms.

A bomb-ketch taken from the enemy by Decatur, and in which he had entered the harbor when he destroyed the Philadelphia, was selected as the "fire ship." She was to have a magazine containing seventeen tons of powder in her hold, while her decks were to be strewed with missiles (shells) that, once fired, would rend everything in their vicinity, and by igniting the train would then explode the magazine in one awful concussion. This was all prepared under Somers' direction, assisted by his brother officers of the squadron, who, one and all, took the deepest interest in the daring but most perilous enterprise. As these preparations had been made prior to the attack of the 3d, the night of the 4th was chosen for the desperate adventure.

Calling for volunteers from his own crew of the Nautilus, every man stepped forward; but, as only ten were wanted, four were chosen from the schooner, and six from the flag-ship. These, with Somers for commander, and Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, of the flag-ship, for second officer, were all that were to participate in the attempt, although one other, Lieutenant Joseph Israel, snuggled himself into the ketch and was thus among the adventurers.

At nine that night the ketch went in, piloted by the Vixen, Argus and Nautilus, who were to cover the retreat. Somers was to run the death-dealing craft close into the shipping, under cover of the darkness; and, once in position, to fire the vessel, strike the fuses, and then, with the cutter, escape by rapid pulling to the waiting gun-boats—hoping to get beyond range before the explosion came.

What happened to defeat this plan is not known. The enemy discovering the mysterious craft coming on toward their anchorage opened on her. From the Sirens deck the anxious watchers beheld a lantern passing along as if on a vessel's deck; but it quickly sunk from view. After a few moments up rose the mast and sails of a vessel—high in air, as if from a volcano beneath; the whole harbor was lit with a lurid glow; an awful roar, and then all was still as if the waters had opened and swallowed up everything on their surface.

Long and with the keenest anxiety the gun-boats out in the harbor's mouth waited, showing signal lights; guns were fired to direct the expected cutter; but no cutter ever came: not a soul of all who manned and directed the fire-ship even was seen again. Thirteen shocking mangled corpses were picked up on the wreck, in the cutter and along the beach, and three were selected from the number, by American prisoners in the town, as officers, to be given separate burial. And that was all.

It was never ascertained how the explosion occurred. That Somers did not blow up his vessel, to prevent her falling into the Turks' possession, as he had announced to his friends, he would do, if the necessity came, is pretty certain, for by the light of the explosion it was proven that no boarders were near; the ketch was alone on the water. And, that the mine was not fired by accident is assured from the precautions taken and the trained hands who managed the craft. The only other solution, and the most probable one, is that the enemy's shot did the work.

Thus ended the career of one of the most gallant men who ever trod the deck of an American ship, and his tragic death casts a halo around his young life that makes the name of Richard Somers one of the most treasured in the annals of our naval service.

The melancholy end of John Templeton Shubrick associates his name with that of Somers. He was eldest of four brothers who served most honorably in our navy—Commodore William B. Shubrick being the second of the four. They were South Carolinians by birth—their father having won an enviable fame in the Revolution. John was educated in Dedham, Massachusetts, but returned to Charleston in 1804 to pursue the study of the law; but both John and William were so inclined to the sea that their father procured them commissions as midshipmen—their warrants being dated in August, 1806.

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Decatur destroyed the captive ship Philadelphi

a)

1813) in which Shubrick greatly enhanced his

already good repute—making three great ac-

tions within eight months in which he has par-

ticipated without receiving a scratch.

He next went again with Decatur, in the

United States, but that vessel being blockaded

by the English squadron, in the Thames, Decatur

took the frigate President, bearing his own

officers with him. This fine ship was sent to

see January 14th, 1815, and that very evening

fell in with an English squadron of three

frigates and a raze. A long chase resulted.

The President was brought to quarters by the

heavier frigate Endymion, and a most bloody

action followed, both ships suffering severely.

The Englishman was left too crippled to pur-

sue, when the President, trying to escape the

rest of the squadron which now came up, was

compelled to strike. In this sanguinary affair

of three of the President's lieutenants were killed

but Shubrick again escaped unarmed, as did

also his younger brother, Irvine, a midshipman

on the American frigate.

Peace with Great Britain soon succeeded;

but the Algerines becoming offensive, Decatur

with a powerful squadron, was dispatched to

the Mediterranean to whip the corsairs into

terms. In the flag-ship Guerriere, went Shub-

brick as first lieutenant. June 17th the

Algerine admiral, with two fine ships, was en-

countered, and after a sharp action was taken.

In this action one of the Guerriere's guns

burst, blowing up the spar deck and killing

and wounding forty persons, but Shubrick, as

usual, escaped, wholly unharmed.

This capture was followed by Decatur's de-

scend on Algiers city, where he dictated a

treaty which ended that war. This treaty was

given to Shubrick to bear to the United States,

and he sailed, in command of the Eperier, from

Algiers, early in July (1815). He passed

Gibraltar July 10th, and then to sea; since

which time not a trace of the vessel or her

crew. She sank at sea, and every soul on

board perished.

Shubrick's "good luck" came, for the Hornet

fought and took the Peacock after a sharp and

murderous fight of fifteen minutes (Feby. 24th,

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already good repute—making three great ac-

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horror there in its crumpled columns was a long account of the tragedy on the ice on Christmas night.

Long, long did the poor girl droop in her chair over the fatal record, insensible to all the sorrow that it brought.

And after that there was a long, weary blank of weeks and months, during which she moved about, worked, ate and slept and lived—but what a pale, ghostly mockery of life! No mother to comfort her—no friend to speak a pitying word. This was the time when she first used her bank-book to draw out enough money to provide herself with the mourning which she thought proper to put on. She sent, also, under her name of Lovelace, a subscription to the paper in Penicket, and in this, from time to time, he read items about the murder, and so knew when the trial was to come off. All this time she had no positive proof that the murdered schoolmaster was Otis Garner; yet she was as certain of it as if she had been with the killing-party that fatal night.

A strange feeling, for which she could not account, moved her, as the time of the trial approached, to go to Pentucket, so as to be there when it came off.

The name of Ruth Fletcher had not escaped the newspapers, and Mildred felt an intense jealousy desire to see the girl with whom her husband had been so friendly. Thus, on reaching the village, the first move was to inquire out the residence of the Fletchers, after which she went there determined to ask them to take her into their family for the summer.

After meeting Ruth, tender-hearted Little Mildred could only pity her; pity her even while wildly jealous of her because she had once been Otis' favorite. She soon won the confidence of the country maiden, who confessed to her all that had ever passed between herself and Mr. Otis.

"I thought he loved me, because he was always so polite and gallant and said so many pleasant things to me," Ruth had told her, with flushing cheeks and downcast eyes. "But now, I do not think he has cared for me—it was just his way to flatter and attentive. And the ring!—you see, I took it for granted that he had given it to me, and allowed him to see that I thought so, and that I was pleased. And then to find out that Jasper had given it! It was dreadful—not only that I was so disappointed, but so mortified! I was humiliated and angry, and I poured out my wrath on poor Jasper, who was not to blame, and flung his ring away in the most contemptuous manner. No wonder one so proud and quick-tempered as Jasper should have been maddened by my conduct! Oh, Miss Lovelace, I am the one to blame for everything! At first I was wild with anger at Jasper because he had done that terrible thing. But now, I am only sorry for him. I feel that the fault and the sin are mine. If I could put myself in Jasper's place, and receive the punishment, I would gladly do it. But now, just think! I must appear against him—utter words which perhaps will be the very ones to convict him."

In this strain, poor Ruth, the shadow of her once bright self, would pour out her heart to Mildred; until, before the trial came off, the girl-wife had no feeling except one of compassion for the foolish, broken-hearted school-girl.

Court opened on the 21st of June, and the case of the State against Jasper Judson was to be called the following day. Ruth was ill in bed all the first day, greatly prostrated and greatly excited, so that her friends feared for her. The wretched girl—far, far more unhappy than even the pale-faced Mildred whom she begged to remain by her side, and who had held her hand hour after hour—toward night dropped into a troubled sleep, the effect of an opiate, and Mildred softly releasing her hand went down-stairs and out on the lawn for a breath of fresh air. The sun was setting as she went out; its level rays of gold struck through the elms and lighted up her sad face with their own glory.

She, too, was terribly unnerved by what was coming, and she walked about under the trees for a long time, and finally wandered down to the gate, where she stood, gazing at the faint bars of pink and orange which lay along the twilit horizon, when, as suddenly as if he had risen out of the earth in front of her, some one confronted her on the other side of the gate.

"Mr. Pomeroy?"

"At your service, Mrs. Lovelace—that is your name now, is it not? Please do not run away," grasping one of her hands which was resting on the gate, and holding it by main force. "I want to speak to you about this affair which absorbs the attention of the village. You came here about that, did you not? The married man was my friend and your husband, was he not?"

"Why do you ask? Why do you speak to me, who despise you?"

"I saw and recognized you on the porch the day I took refuge here from the thunder-storm. The moment I saw you, it somehow flashed over me what you were here for. It is too bad—a quite a dreadful shock! Poor Otis! the most gallant and gay of all the club—what an end for a fellow like him! Are you certain about it, Little Mildred?"

"I am absolutely certain, Mr. Pomeroy. I have seen the handwriting of this Mr. Otis, and his cane, and I knew both. Will you let go of my hand?"

"Certainly. But I beg of you to remain a moment longer. I feel dreadfully about this thing—I do, indeed! Otis was a fine fellow, I am sorry for you too. I want to ask your forgiveness for all my bad conduct to you, to say that I sincerely repent of it—that I have reformed all my bad habits, and that I intend leading the right kind of a life hereafter. Can you be generous enough to forgive me?"

"Did you follow me from Boston to ask that question?"

"No. I swear to you, Mildred, I had not the least idea of where you were or what had become of you, until I saw you sitting on that porch."

"I wish I could believe you, Mr. Pomeroy, but the word of a man who has done what you have done is hardly credible."

"I came to Pentucket with a party of friends who are staying at the hotel. I did not dream of your being here, nor of this sad calamity which brought you, until I saw you last week. Since you are here, I felt constrained to come and assure you of my sympathy and ask your pardon for the past."

"If you are sincere, I grant it. But I do not want you to speak to me again."

"That is a strange quality of forgiveness, Mildred. You might better withhold a boon so ungracious. Mildred, you have seen the worst side of my character; but there is a better side to it. You were so lovely, so beyond all other girls fair and winsome, so charming in your loneliness, deserted by one who ought to have thanked Heaven for such a treasure, despite of the fact that it was wicked to do so. Let that go. Forgive it—forget it. I love you still. I cannot believe that you mourn

very deeply for one who wedded you on a wager, and who was a stranger to you, and kept himself a stranger. You never had any opportunity to love Otis Garner—he never gave you any. But you are loving and dependent by nature. The wealth of your affection will be a rich gift to some man. Give it to me. You are free now to choose for yourself and to marry your choice. Come, let me atone for my past sin. Let me be your true, fond, devoted lover. Promise me that when all this trouble is over, you will be my little wife."

He had pushed open the gate and was standing beside her, looking at her earnestly and respectfully, not attempting to touch her. A flash of scorn and almost mild irritation passed over the lovely face into which he gazed.

"Mr. Pomeroy, has Miss Appleton refused you?"

"Twenty times. She knew that I was after her money. But I love you, little Mildred. I am willing to work for you. I would not do that for Miss Appleton, splendid as she is. I am trying to reform from all my sins—for amusement, flirting, and all the rest. What could work such a change in me but true love, little one? Tell me that I may hope to restore myself to your favor—that you will sometime marry the man whose memory of your virtues caused him to repent of his bad life."

"I will marry you as soon as you can convince me that you have experienced a change of heart, Mr. Hypocrite Pomeroy," responded Milla, with all the contempt she could compress into as few words. "I do not understand your game, but I do know you well enough to understand that you must have some sinister motive in playing the angel to me. I could sooner believe that Satan had 'reformed' than you, sir!" and with a gesture of scorn she turned and went rapidly toward the house.

"Venomous little serpent!" I will tread you under my heel before I allow you to sting me! You will never be satisfied, you little Puritan! Until you ruined my prospects. I must find a way to make you harmless," and, bursting with rage, Brummell made his way back to the village, conscious that he had failed to propitiate Mildred, who might now, any day, meet Miss Appleton and betray to her the part he was playing to secure a fortune.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 367.)

MATRIMONIAL INCOMPATIBILITY.

A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife.
God bless her!

She looked like a drum and he looked like a flute,
And it took all his money to dress her.

God keep her!
To dress her!
God bless her!

To wrap her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes.
God keep her!

For bonnets and bows and silk clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her.

God keep her!
To bear her!
God spare her!

And keep her!
To bear her!

She grew like a target; he grew like a sword,
A sword—a sword—God spare her!

She took all the best and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her.

God keep her!
To bear her!

She spread like a turtle; he shrunk like a pike,
A pike—a pike—God save him!

And nobody ever held the like,

For they had to wear glasses to shave him.

To shave him!
God save him!

To shave him!

She fatten away till she bursted one day,
Exploded—blew up—God take her!

And all the people that saw it say,

She covered over an acre!

God take her!

An acre!

God take her!

An acre!

The Red Cross;

OR,

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XLIII.

BUBBLE CASTLES.

Kool had himself named the eleventh of the month for the wedding day, partly because he did not choose to encounter the dismayed remonstrances of his boy, who too plainly rued, with a savage remorse, his marriage to the other sister, partly because he saw an excellent opportunity of teaching the fair bride, in the very outset, how far behind the boy she was so anxious to ruin was herself in the consideration of her bridegroom. Kool intended to decline going a single step of marriage tour, and a graceful excuse was his when his young charge's illness was announced the previous evening, and Kool absented himself as usual to attend him.

This time, however, fearful of being obliged to neglect him if he took him, as was his usual custom, away to another house, Kool merely locked him up in the Brunswick, a suite of three rooms for Thetford's temporary occupation, and putting the key in his pocket, presented himself to become the husband of the lady whom he was marrying to circumvent.

Crystal had ever vowed that her wedding should be an event to be spoken about for the remainder of the lives of all who were fortunate enough to witness it. She had been at no end of trouble to harpoon two or three additional fish to struggle in (flattering exhibition of their infatuation and her fascinations) whilst she affected to select, at the last moment, the one she elected to honor.

What stratagems, what ingenuities, what curious shrewd precision and purpose had culminated in Crystal's grand triumph?

No one could have guessed by what mira-ble these other three men all passably intelligent and proud of their world-wisdom, had consented to let her make such fools of them; nor how it was that they did not spoil her hour of glory by betraying the anger and contempt which surely must have ramped hotly in their breasts when she thus publicly paraded them, and chose over their heads a man whom none of them had ever seen before. Likely each man did enough swearing afterward to meet all future emergencies, however insulting; but at the moment, doubtless the masculine horror of making a scene held them mute, and forced them through the ridiculous exhibition of themselves with as much dignity as was possible under the circumstances. Indeed, each disappointed suitor declared afterward, with many oaths, that he was contemptibly entrapped into coming there in the character of a candidate for the lady's hand; that she severally told each that he alone had any cause to be present,

and that the other gentlemen whom he would probably meet on the wedding morn were poor, infatuated creatures who would not take her answer "no," and hoped to force her into wedlock by their insane persistence. Kool alone she confided the truth to; "she wished to do him the highest honor in her power; he had undeniably been seen in the humble position of servant to her sister's husband; now she, who held him above all men, wished to show forth unto the world her mighty opinion of him, by publicly choosing him as her husband over the heads of several excellent matches whom she was refusing for his sake." Kool grinned diabolically as soon as he had thus professedly kissed the tips of her fingers and closed the door upon her wizen, elated face.

"Tis her last chance for a little glorification," mused he; "what cruelty to deny her! Let her strut and inflate her poor little shadowed feathers once more, soon enough they shall be but the russet plumes of indigent ob-

scurites."

Of course numberless hints of something unique in the Englishwoman's marriage had been floating among the fastidious who had been invited to it, and expectation was all a tip-toe; hence the throngs, the sensations, the grandeur of the presents—for who was going to allow his card to appear beside a Britannia-metal napkin-ring, when all the world was sure to be there to admire his munificence and taste, as seen in a one-hundred dollar bonbonniere, the useless value of which was crammed with playful little conceits in precious metals of gold—simple gold in varia-tions, as were, vert, dead, composite, and so on. So the gentleman's plate and jewelry were so varied and costly as to have furnished half a column of ecstasies in the *Herald*, the ladies' lace, satin toys and lingerie, another quarter column of incomprehensible eloquence; the floral display was said by flatters to recall the wonderful profusion of the same ornaments at the funeral of A. T. Stewart; the well-treated local reporter who was permitted to wander at will through this festive scene, repeatedly assured those whom he was able to interview, "upon his word as a gentleman," that of all the innumerable affairs of the kind he had attended, this was the finest, as to beauty of the bride, distinction of the bride-groom, regal munificence of the wedding gifts, loveliness and splendor of the ladies and their toilettes, and importance, politically and socially, of the gentlemen. And he said the same in the next morning's paper, with commentaries attached, and a very stately and suggestive narrative of the fascinating b'd's dilemma, among her host of eager lovers, so gracefully ended by her choice of the most illustrious and doubtless, the wealthiest of them all. And so unique was the episode, and so high-sounding the titles with which it was enriched, that, like all things retailed, it became adulterated as it changed hands, augmented and intensified in peculiarity and daring, until it took on the importance almost of a national event; the great illustrated paper of the day in London noticed the matter in an editorial, besides setting its artists to sketching the salient points; so that in due time little, ugly Crystal, who had sighed so passionately for notoriety, could read a wonderful tissue of lies, with a terrible substratum of truth, about how she had wed an exiled prince of a house supposed to have become extinct twenty years ago with the death of the brave commander, Elric of Schloss Rube; and she could look at herself in various interesting scenes, standing with arms sensationally outstretched on her raised platform, with her suitors kneeling before her, herself glorified to regal height and a sultana-like redundancy of charms, the platform into a sort of catafalque upon the top of which she attitudinized like Marc Anthony before the Roman mob, and the suitors into a good sized class of at least nine; another picture represented her, as the artist conceived she ought to have looked at the altar, giving her hand and heart to the illustrious individual she so wilfully had loved during all the vicissitudes of his exile—with the said hero looking as suitably "spoony" as blonde hair, and a great deal of it, a tall, slim, fashion-plate figure, and an execrably adoring droop could make him; another as she entered the carriage after the breakfast, in a distracting toilette, from the arms of her weeping mother and numerous brothers and sisters, to hasten away with her adored on the first stage of the wedding trip, which was boldly stated to be as unique as the marriage itself, and to take Chinc and the arctic regions on the way.

And if poor Princess Schlossruhe could extract any pleasure out of these echoes of her thunder-storm, who could grudge it! Although to be sure even she was obliged to wish she hadn't been so popular when an indignant protest came from the foreign government of which the deceased prince had been an honored and endeared leader and antagonist, happily gone to a better world, and not desired back again personally or by proxy; and the English papers coldly reiterated what they had been pleased to publish at the time as facts, obtained by them at enormous expense from their own infallible, omniscient, ubiquitous and special correspondents.

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"Good gracious! Hav'n't you been with her all the evening? Was she left all alone? Mercy!"

"Excuse me, madam the baroness; I am required in here." And Kool was actually leaving her in her feminine dismay at his unbridled grooms-like conduct, to the swelling indignation and despair of the neglected bride, when the voice of Gaylure arrested him.

"Where is your wife, sir?" he demanded, doggedly.

"We shall endeavor to discover," answered Kool, and quietly disappeared into Thetford's room, leaving father and daughter standing together on the mat outside the door.

"My girls have chosen strange men to bind their lives to," the half-fainting bride heard her father say to Adalgisa, in a changed, harshe, strained sort of tone, as if the weight had been oppressing him of late was getting too heavy now to be borne without crying out under it.

"My husband is well enough," Adalgisa answered sharply. "If he is a sick man, that's not his fault, I suppose. And he didn't leave me by himself the first day. Lord! Crys. had much better have resigned herself to be what she was cut out for, the ugliest old maid out of Mongolia."

Crystal's fears fled as her blood boiled under this insult, she knowing what she now knew about Adalgisa's husband, beside whom hers shone sillness as one of the cherubim, and in her excitement she pulled her door an inch or two ajar, and Adalgisa, turning quickly at the sound, caught the glimmer of her eyes and the pallid gleam of her dead pale face. Crystal checked her exclamation by putting the door an inch wider, and letting herself be recognized, to the unutterable astonishment of her stupid sister, who was as incapable of intrigue as she was of haranguing on Chinese labor. The sight of Crystal's shockingly white face, and her finger placed meaningfully on her lips, and then shaken menacingly, only suggested to Adalgisa's barren brain the idea that the youth ful pair had had a quarrel, that Crystal was hiding from her husband in the pouts, and that she deserved a little rough handling now if she never got it before, in reward for all the bad turns she had done her, Adalgisa. Therefore, when Kool opened his door and joined the father and daughter, with an icy smile on his mouth at the melodramatic expedition he was bound on, what was Crystal's utter horror to hear Adalgisa say, innocently:

"Come out, Crys.; I saw you. She's in there; she opened the door and looked at me." For a moment everything turned to burning red before the eyes of the poor trembling creature shut up in the dark, then the old spirit of wicked pugnacity pricked her off her knees, where she had dropped, and sent her out quivering with fictitious courage, to crush her brutal sister under the stones which this touch of her finger had set a-rolling. As she came forward Kool turned and gazed in quick alarm, intensifying as he observed the fateful expression of her haggard features, into a sudden flashing burst of demon hate and vengeance. Then he went to her, and, with a silent bow, offered her his arm. She shrank back, trying to meet his calm eyes, and unable to bear them, then she took his arm, but with a shudder, and walked away with him, the others following in strange silence. The father had again caught upon the foreigner's countenance that singular look.

As for Adalgisa her thick hide saved her from too vivid a perception of the cool, placid, contemptuous, patient *murder* that lay in his eye, yet that very silence startled her, as leaving nothing to say.

At the door of the prince's apartments he turned with his bride, and with punctiliously courteous bow, imitated passively by her, they passed in and the door was shut.

Gaylor drew a gasping sigh as he and his favorite child moved away.

"What in the world's the matter with you, and everybody?" snapped Adalgisa.

"Oh, Gisa! I scarcely expect ever to see your sister alive again," he sobbed, and left her like a man distracted.

To be continued—commenced in No. 355.

EVENING.

The sun is set, and up yon western steep
We clouds sail low, now that the winds are
calm.
Singing like scattered, scarcely-moving sheep
On heavenly upland's grazing undisturbed,
Now birds their vespers with redoubled zeal
Hymn forth to Nature and the Master God;
And far, far off faintly draw near peal
Floats o'er the fields by home-bound labors
trod.

Apon the first faint shades of eve have birth,
And grow and grow the darkness everywhere
As with its sway it sweeps. The sun is fair
Is emblem of the sound; and heaven with earth,
Down Night's great dome, right from the zenith's
arc.
Seems holding mute communion in the dark.

The Blind Baroness.

A STORY OF THE RHINE.

BY T. C. HARBOROUGH.

Tourists on the Rhine are regaled with many weird legends concerning the grim old castles that from lofty eminences frown upon the gently-gliding boat. They seem to float through the very paradise of legendary lore; the very air seems burdened with traditions.

No traveler has drifted beneath the ancient walls of Castle Brackenfels without having been compelled to listen to the story of its blind baroness. She is not enveloped in the mists of tradition, for her descendants still inhabit the stately pile, and the record of her unfortunate marriage is still preserved with sacred care.

The old castle fell into her possession when she was a beautiful girl of seventeen, but blind. She had many suitors, for the baronial estate that lay above the legendary river was one of the richest in Germany, and at last she chose Carl Von Rhoom, a man whose sword had procured himself distinguished honors. She gave him her white hand because she really loved him. His voice was sweet and winning, but she could not see the steady eyes that made many distrust the landless baron. Landless, I say, for the story goes that Von Rhoom had gambled away his inheritance.

The people shook their heads when Therese's choice was promulgated. They declared her too good for Von Rhoom, and hinted that he already loved a woman who was not blind.

But the *mesalliance* was consummated, and the retainers of Castle Brackenfels had a master.

The baron seemed proud of his beautiful bride; she sung for him like a happy bird, and the people were beginning to think that they had wrongly judged the man, when a dreadful event occurred.

It was one night that two persons were seated lovingly together on a rustic settle in the grove that stretched from the castle's court to

the precipitous cliffs that overlooked the river. A narrow path ran close to their position, and turned to the right within a few feet of the precipice.

"You have promised that I should be the Baroness Von Rhoom!" said a voice. "Have you forgotten?"

"No, Persis," was the reply, in a tone that proclaimed the speaker no other person than the baron himself. "We have been wedded but six months."

"And I have grown tired with waiting! I believe you love her," and the eyes of the haughty German woman flashed.

The baron laughed sarcastically, and looked into his companion's face, which was flushed with anger and revenge.

"Love her?" and he laughed again. "What! Persis! Carl Von Rhoom love a blind girl, when the brightest eyes in Germany have beamed upon his passionate soul? Woman, you must be mad!"

"Then prove that you do not love her!" cried the stately woman. "Give me proof that I am to be the Baroness o' Brackenfels."

"You shall have it soon." "Soon! I have heard that word before. Give me the proof to-night."

"To-night?"

The baron started back.

"Yes—now."

He looked into the passionate, eager eyes that glittered like coals. Persis, the cunning German schemer, had never looked so beautiful before.

The silence that followed her last word, which was an imperative command, was broken by a voice far up the path, and seemingly in the court.

"Carl, my baron—Carl!"

Von Rhoom looked into his companion's face.

His wife was calling him.

A moment later she called again; she was coming down the path.

"Retreat a pace, Persis!" cried the false baron.

"Retreat!" echoed the beauty, with a cutting laugh. "Why, I thought your wife was blind, Carl!"

"So she is, but so sensitive," was the reply.

"She must not find her rival here."

The lady Persis looked up the path, and saw a ghost-like figure fit across a plot of moon-shine.

It was the blind baroness.

"Prove it now!" she whispered into the baron's ear. "Yonder is the cliff; below it flows the Rhine. She need not stop here."

Von Rhoom's face grew pale at the terrible suggestion, and he waved the schemer back, saying hoarsely:

"Only go, Persis. You shall have the proof!"

She glided from the spot as Therese called the baron again, and crushing on the ground, watched the blind girl-wife gliding toward the cliff.

She saw Von Rhoom hasten to the very edge of the precipice, where he stooped in the dense shadow of a fir, and answer his wife.

"Here, darling. A few steps further on and you shall be hunting in my arms."

"Yes, yes!" Therese cried with joy. "I have been hunting you, my truant, all over the castle."

She neared the cliff, and Von Rhoom held his guilty breath.

Clad in spotless white, and with fragrant German flowers in her golden tresses, she looked angelic. Her hands were stretched forth as if to greet her husband, and she kept in the path.

Suddenly she left it, and stopped.

"I am leaving the path, Carl, my baron," she said, her sweet voice tinged with fear.

"It's a long way to the cliff, Therese. I stand between you and the edge. On, on!"

Von Rhoom knew that the flashing eyes of Persis were fixed upon him from her covert.

His voice reassured the blind baroness, who, trusting in the false heart in German land, advanced again.

On, on, until her dainty slippers slipped over the precipice, and in the twinkling of an eye she disappeared from her husband's sight.

Persis, the schemer, sprung from her hiding-place, and rushed forward.

She met the ghastly face that woman ever saw. It was stamped with guilt and whitened by fear.

"You have kept your word!" she cried, triumphantly.

He did not answer her, but stood in the moonlight white and motionless as a statue.

"Come! come!" she cried, again grasping his arm. "Be a man! She was not the wife for you. Look! I have eyes, and she was blind."

Then he started.

"Yes; it was her fault. She knew that she had left the path. I didn't touch her. No man shall say that I slew the blind baroness."

He leaned over the precipice and saw the moonlight on water and trees far below him, But no fluttering garment caught his eye, and silence, instead of sound, came up from the depths. He could see no boats on the shimmering water, heard nothing save the beating of his own guilty heart.

For several days the servants were led to believe that the child-wife was sick in her private apartment, to which no person save the baron was admitted. He was playing his part well.

One morning he started the castle by declaring that his wife, in a fit of mental derangement, had wandered forth on the preceding night, and was missing. The report caused the greatest consternation; it threw the entire country into uproar, and the German folk turned out in large numbers and hunted for the beautiful being they loved so dearly. With admirable dissimulation Von Rhoom pretended to prosecute the search which was at last given over. It had proved ineffectual. Therese was still missing, and some folks were shaking their heads and talking in whispers about the blind baroness.

The trees below the fatal spot had refused to give her up, and the beautiful river was as silent as the grave.

Time passed. It took Carl Von Rhoom wooing again; it found him at Lady Persis's side, and by and by it became known that the castle's second mistress would soon be installed.

There was snow on the cliffs above the Rhine, and the wind was howling like a demon in and out of the grim keeps and donjons of Castle Brackenfels. Not a star was seen; the night was the incarnation of blackness and storm. No boats danced on the storm-tossed surface of the water; and the great firs, bending beneath the ire of the wind, lashed the waves into greater fury.

Despite the storm the great festal hall of the mighty castle was filled with wedded guests. It was the baron's marriage night, and Persis,

his evil star, was arrayed like a stately German bride.

While the castle rang with revelry, a stalwart man who belonged to the poor burgher class of German people was picking his way painfully up a rugged path that led to the high lands from the river side. He did not care for snow and wind, for he clambered over the loose rocks which the latter had hurled into the path since the setting of the sun. He carried with him what appeared a human figure in his arms.

It was well muffled, but here and there a piece of white lace peeped out, as if to look at and brave the storm.

At last the laborer reached the cliffs above the river, and paused to recover exhausted strength.

"By God's blessing we're up, lady!" he said, to the burden in his arms. "This is the night, for the castle is all light, and I hear them laughing as if in mockery at the storm."

"Then do not stop, Jarsen!" replied a voice from beneath the burgher cloak. "Go on, for the love of blind Therese!"

The man started forward with renewed energy. He fairly ran toward the castle, frightening the guard under the arches, and at last deposited his burden at the threshold of the banquet hall.

Then the shawls and cloaks fell from the figure, and then the blind baroness in rumples white stood erect.

"Stand here till I call," she said to the man, as she lifted the iron ring and caused the great door to swing back on its giant hinges.

The next moment a wild shriek filled the room, a hundred goblets dropped from ashén lips, and the wedding guests shrunk from the festal board. Guiltiest of all stood Von Rhoom, and at his side, with not a vestige of color in her face, shivered the German schemer—the beautiful Persis.

Therese raised her hand, and, as if gifted with sight, the quivering finger pointed at the guilty pair.

"I am here, Carl, my baron!" she said. "The dead wanted me not. Jarsen!"

The sturdy river man stood beside her.

"Tell him all."

The man told the story of Therese's rescue. The tree below the cliff had broken her fall, and she had dropped into the water beside his boat. Having long treasured up a hatred for Von Rhoom, he bore Therese to his humble home, where he watched over her and saw her recover from the injuries sustained in the fall.

Truth and honesty were written on Jarsen's face, and blind Therese was a living confirmation of his testimony.

All at once the baron tore himself from Persis, and dashed from the room. Down the broad steps and out into the raging storm he ran. He shed his best stead, that snorted with very terror at the elements, and rode off as if a legion of Hartz demons were a-riking behind.

A year later a man gave up his life before an Austrian battery, and just over his heart they found a locket that contained the portrait of blind Therese.

Then Von Rhoom had rashly died.

The German story does not tell what became of Persis; but says that Jarsen was pensioned and that the blind baroness wedded a man who loved her, and lived happily till death.

The story possesses abundant proofs of authenticity.

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE LEAGUE NINES OF 1877.

THOUGH the nines of the six League clubs have not yet been "placed" by their respective managers, the teams have all been engaged, and it is not too early to take a glance at their make-up with a view of guessing at the chance of each nine to win the pennant of 1877 in the coming campaign. One thing is noticeable in the selection of the players for the majority of the League clubs, and that is, that but one club has made its choice on the basis of the Boston plan of operations, and that one is the Chicago club, not a man of whom has ever been on the suspected list. With the Boston club integrity of character has ever been the *sine qua non* in the selection of its representative players, and the result has been that that club's teams since its organization have been beyond even a suspicion of anything but thoroughly honest work. It is a little singular that while the majority of the clubs belonging to an organization, which has made such loud protestations of its desire to sustain integrity of play in the professional arena, have engaged players whose antecedents do not accord with that reputation for integrity of character, so prominently insisted upon as an essential requisite.

In other words, four of the six clubs of the League arena of 1877 have in their nine players who do not possess what the Boston club regards as essential for a player entering the nines of that organization. Without further reference to the subject, however, we proceed to give the nines of each of the League clubs as "stated" up to the opening of the season.

THE CHICAGO CLUB.

The team of this club for 1877 is fully as strong, to say the least, as that which won the championship of 1876. By taking in Bradley, the change pitcher, and the accession of Bradly's batting will not fully compensate for what their new man's ability is—Smith, the change catcher—we know not; but McVey will do good service in the position without doubt. Bradley will not, however, find him as good in support as Clapp was, at least not until the latter part of the season, for it takes months of play to get a pitcher and catcher, new to each other, to work together with the best effect. The field support will be of the best whether Bradley or Spalding pitches. But there is an element, not taken into proper consideration, which is attached to this policy of having two regular and rival pitchers in the team. The experience of the Hartfords with Bond and Cummings may not be followed with similar results in the case of Bradley and Spalding, as the latter are more experienced men. But there may be a touch of it, and if there is a weak spot would be developed. A regular pitcher and a first-class change pitcher with their respective catchers, are essentials of a regular and effective team; but it is questionable if the policy of having two regular pitchers is not one which works against the playing interest of the team. The Chicago nine for 1877 will probably be as follows:

BANGS' TELEPHONE.

BY JOE SOT, JR.

Since it was only every night
My girl I got to see,
The meanest time when I missed her voice
And she from her house to my own
I had put up a telephone.

How grand a thing it was indeed!
I thought that I was blest,
And any moment I could hear
The voice I loved the best;
And thanked the man who first made known
The beauties of the telephone.

When morning's light broke o'er the earth,
And woke with her the birds,
(With which through her eastern window fell
The maiden from her dreams,
A sweet "good-morning to my own"
I sent upon the telephone.

And if she chanced to be awake,
She'd make my heart rejoice
By salutation, sweet and dear,
With her own darling voice,
And dearly did I love the tones
That came upon the telephone.

With tenderer passages of love
We'd back and forth each day!
What compliments and loving words
And tender laughter gay!
Blest as a king upon his throne
I was with that dear telephone.

She'd sit at her piano and
Would play and sweetly sing,
While I'd stand in adoring signs
Unto the darling tones.
And many a vocal kiss was thrown
To her upon that telephone.

The wire trembled all the while
With sweet affection's flow,
Until the longed-for evening came,
And to her would go;
After the long, long day had flown
In talking the telephone.

But one day to the instrument
I chance to put my ear;
But luck unto my west hopes!
"I've voices did I hear,
Which made my heart turn into stone—
Alas, that telephone!

The extra voice I heard was Jinks';
I heard him breathe his love;
She said she did not care for Bangs,
And longed her hate to prove,
And whispered, "I am all thine own;
I heard it on the telephone.

Mermaids' heavens! he heard him kiss
My darling eyes so well,
And right into that fatal room
I sent a horrid shriek,
And also a despairing groan
Upon that wretched telephone.

She had forgot that I could hear
What things would there transpire—
A startled shriek was all I heard,
To the wretched wife,
And that's the last that I have known
Of her, or of the telephone.

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

XII.

It was some time before Custer considered himself quite ready for the Indians. He found his regiment full of green recruits, fresh from the towns of the East, men who hardly knew how to ride a horse to water, leave alone fight on him. They were miserable shots, and could, some of them, scarcely hit a barn door from the barn-yard fence. He found them encamped among the Indians, and so scared that they hardly dared leave camp. He very soon changed that, however, by sending out sharpshooting parties at night, to frighten the Indians. Finally, he left the camp where he found the regiment, moved in, close to Fort Dodge, on the Arkansas River, out of reach of Indian annoyances, and set to work to drill his men in earnest, to become good riders and good shots. Every day he had target practice, and out of all the companies he selected the very best shots, which he organized into a separate troop, called the "Sharpshooters." To these he promised to give certain special privileges, such as exemption from picket duty, and the privilege of always being at the head of the column. The consequence of this promise was, that all the soldiers were eager to be sharpshooters, and shot their very best, the whole regiment improving daily.

While he was drilling, of course the Indians were doing what they pleased all over the country, but Custer did not mind that. It was just as well they should imagine themselves secure. He could not catch them till the snow was on the ground, and the less suspicion they had of a winter campaign, the more likely he was to find them. At last, after a long march, with a strong column, through the Indian Territory, down to the borders of Texas, at the place where Camp Supply now stands, the first snow came, in a tremendous blinding storm, and the Seventh Cavalry, with a numerous wagon train, started on its journey to find the Indians, November 23d, 1865.

The winter had set in with a vengeance, for the storm lasted the whole of the first day and all night; and when it cleared up at last, there were eighteen inches of snow on the ground, with the thermometer down about zero. This was a real winter campaign and no mistake.

Many men would have halted for the storm, for even the Indian guides lost their way, and could not tell where Wolf Creek was the place where the regiment was to encamp the first night.

Custer would not be beaten, however. He had a map, he knew the direction of Wolf Creek, so he took his course by compass, and pushed on, reaching the creek safely, and enclosing the guides. Of these guides he had plenty on this expedition. First, there were twenty Osages, friendly Indians, from a small tribe on a reservation in Indian Territory. Their chiefs were Little Beaver and Hard Rope. Then he had several white and half-breed scouts, about some of whom novels have been written. Especially there was California Joe, who was afterward one of the most useful scouts Custer ever had.

California Joe was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a tremendous brown beard, and a shock of curly hair that looked as if they had never seen a comb for years. His great peculiarity was a short briar-pipe, which he never stopped smoking, day or night, except when asleep, eating, or on an Indian trail. He would talk you blind for hours, and had the quaintest expressions in his speech you ever heard. He had great contempt for the powers of a regular officer to fight or catch Indians, but he soon conceived a great liking for Custer, finding him so different from the rest, and they worked together harmoniously all the time they were comrades together.

Then there was Romeo, a half-breed Indian, who acted as interpreter, a short, squat, jolly little fellow, who looked as if he thought of nothing but eating, but who could "lift a trail" better than most men. There were sev-

eral others not so well known, but California Joe and Romeo were always Custer's favorites.

The column proceeded south in the direction of Texas, bearing west toward the headwaters of the Washita River, in which country the Indians were expected to be found wintering, anywhere within a hundred miles. The soldiers had not traveled three days, before they found how wise Custer had been to wait for the snow. By the banks of the Canadian River, they found a broad fresh trail, evidently that of the last war-party of the season, going home, and the greatest recruit could have followed it in such a snow.

Their troubles were over, as far as finding the Indians was concerned, for it was clear that the trail was made by men quite unsuspecting that they would be followed, and therefore careless of their marks. It was found, quite by surprise, while Custer was crossing his wagon train over the River Canadian, an operation which took several hours, and during which of course the regiment could not move. To utilize the time, Custer sent out two squadrons under Major Elliott, to scout down the river and see what they could see. This detachment found the Indian trail, about ten miles below Custer's ford, leading off to the southwest. Major Elliott was a very brave and sagacious officer, and he realized that there was no time to be lost, so he set off at the start once, sending back a scout named Jack Corbett, to tell Custer of his discovery.

Corbett found Custer at the crossing, arriving just as the last wagon was drawn slowly up the steep bank, with three teams in front of it. The mode of following the Indians was now very soon settled. The Seventh cavalry had twelve companies in all, divided into six "squadrons." Major Elliott had two squadrons; Custer left one as a guard for the wagons, and with the other three squadrons, six companies determined to strike off to the southeast in the direction in which Corbett pronounced the trail to be leading. The wagons were to follow his trail as fast as they could come with the guard. Of course there was a danger that Indians might pounce on them, but Custer decided to risk that. He was satisfied, from the snow, and from the total absence of tracks outside of the war-trail, that the Indians were hugging their lodges. When he and Elliott united they would have ten companies, or about seven hundred men, and he judged it best to move quickly.

In ten minutes from Corbett's arrival, therefore, away went the column, at a fast walk, over the frozen snow, to catch the Indians.

The snow was not near so deep as it was further north, where they had come from, and it had thawed and frozen into a hard crust, so that progress was easy.

They took up their march about noon, and just as the sun set they came on Elliott's trail, which he was following the Indians. Now the scene was growing hot. That night was full moon, and the trail was so broad and heavy that they could follow it after sunset. Of course they did so with prudence. All talking was stopped in the column, which swept on at a long, slashing walk, such as cavalry horses soon acquire, and which is always most rapid at night, when the animals think they are nearing camp.

At nine o'clock they came up to Major Elliott's party, which had halted, and the whole regiment was dismounted.

The men and horses were all pretty well tired, and needed food, but the question was how to cook coffee. The trail had led them down into the valley of a stream, which they afterward found to be the Washita, where there were high banks and heavy timber, so it was decided to risk making small fires, low down in the hollow, trusting to the cold weather to keep prowling Indians at home.

If not seen, it was well worth the risk to give the men the refreshment of hot coffee, which no one appreciates so much as a shivering soldier, after a long march.

Supper was cooked, the horses received a double share of oats, and after an hour's halt the pursuit was resumed. Now, however, it was necessary to take extra precautions. Little Beaver and Hard Rope pronounced the trail to have been made that very day, and that the Indians had probably passed just before sunset.

It was almost certain that the camp would be found in the valley of the same river which they had just reached, and probably not very far off. It was therefore necessary not to alarm the Indians till the regiment was prepared to dash on them, and the noise of the frozen snow under the horses' feet could be heard a quarter of a mile off.

The way the new march was arranged was this: in front of all went Little Beaver and Hard Rope, on foot, gliding over the snowdrifts in their soft moccasins like silent spirits, Custer riding a little behind them, at a slow pace. The other Indian scouts were thrown out in all directions, also on foot, to watch for lurking foes, while the white scouts rode in a little body, three or four hundred yards back. The regiment, in column of fours, was at least half a mile behind, only just in sight.

It went the column on its new march, for about an hour more, when Hard Rope stopped progress.

"He smelt fire," he said. A little further, after a cautious advance, and they discovered the dim embers of a deserted fire.

The Indian scouts crept up to it, and found no one alive, but plenty of pony tracks.

It was pronounced to be a fire made by some Indian boys, in charge of the pony herd belonging to the village. The herd had gone, but could not be far off—the village must be very near.

You may fancy how cautiously the scouts stole on now, the regiment halting some way off. At the very next hill, Hard Rope waved back Custer, stole up to the top, peered over, and instantly fell flat on his face, then crept slowly back to Custer, laid his hand on the general's bridle and whispered:

"Big heap Injun down there."

"How do you know?" whispered back Custer.

"Me heard dog bark," said Hard Rope, quietly.

Custer dismounted, crept to the crest of the hill, peeped over, and there, in the midst of the timber, were the white lodges of an Indian village, sleeping in the moonshine. There was no mistake.

He went back to his horse, and sent a scout to call up the officers of the Seventh, telling them to come quietly, leaving their sabers behind. He led them to the top of the hill, showing them, for the first time in their lives, an Indian village full of enemies, which the white man had caught at last. There was no question about the catching—the only one was, would the Indians stay caught? Against their escape Custer soon provided.

Mrs. Gen. Ives.

A dusky flush swathed for an instant the bridegroom's face, and his eyes grew strangely passionate. But when the new-comer stands before him he is triumphantly cold and grave again.

Mrs. Ives advances with exquisitely-gloved hand extended and fathomless, bronze-warm

and the rest of that cold moonlight night was passed in dead silence, waiting till the preparations were complete. It was a long, weary wait, but the success at last attained paid for all. The Indians were sound asleep, and suspected nothing till daylight, when all the detachments simultaneously burst on them, the band playing "Garryowen," the men cheering, carbines and pistols cracking, galloping horses tearing through the camp. The result was a complete and overwhelming defeat for the whole band, which proved to be the village of Black Kettle, a Cheyenne chief. Over a hundred warriors were killed, and some seventy women and children were taken prisoners, while nine hundred ponies and all the staffs of the village was captured. About fifty warriors got away by a bold dash in the first confusion, but the rest were completely defeated.

No sooner was the battle over than fresh troubles began. It turned out that there were four other bands, encamped within a few miles of Black Kettle's village, and the warriors from those made a fierce attack on Custer, to rescue the herd of ponies. Custer soon found that he had nearly two thousand fresh Indians to fight. Many men in such a strait would have lost their heads and retreated; but so Custer. He was bound to give those fellows a lesson, to make them fear the white man for some time to come.

He struck out most of his men in a skirmish line, to keep off the Indians awhile, then detailed a firing-party to destroy the village and shoot the ponies, only keeping enough of these to mount his prisoners. The Indians, maddened at the sight, attacked the cavalry fiercely, but without success. They were so cowed by Black Kettle's fate that they fought feebly. No sooner was the village in ashes than Custer called in his men, mounted, formed line, and marched right at the next Indian village, as if he meant to repeat the operation.

That settled the business. The Indians waited no longer. They had found their match at last in the "Yellow Devil-Chief," as they called Custer after that time. No sooner was the Seventh fairly on its march, than the whole Indian force scattered. There were Kiowas and Comanches, Arapahoes in plenty, and another small band of Cheyennes, but they all fled in haste, though twice as numerous as the soldiers.

It was about five miles to the nearest camp, but before the column arrived there not an Indian could be seen, while the lodges were found standing, full of stuff, and all deserted. Not even a lodge-pole had been taken.

By the time Custer reached the camp it was dark, and the moon had not yet risen. He halted awhile, sent out scouts who found no Indians, then turned and marched off straight across country to his wagons, which he found safe in camp. Not an Indian had been near them. He concluded that he had done enough for one trip, so he dispatched California Joe and Jack Corbett across country to carry the news to General Sheridan, and followed them, the next day, himself.

Camp Supply was reached in safety, and General Sheridan reviewed the regiment, complimenting it highly on its successful expedition. From that day forth there was no more trouble with the Indians of the Southwest. Custer had cowed them completely. Satanta and the Kiowas came in that winter, after some trouble, and ceased hostilities. Before March, 1869, the Arapahoes had followed their example; and early in the spring Custer had completed his triumph by chasing down the last band of the Cheyennes under Medicine-Arrow, who surrendered without a fight.

Such was the first and grandest of all the Indian campaigns of General Custer, the greatest Indian-fighter of the American army.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 263.)

Violets and Roses.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

SUCH A STRANGE LITTLE BIT OF HEART HISTORY IT IS.

NOW THAT TWO OF THE ACTORS ARE DEAD, AND ONE IS IN A DISTANT LAND, WHERE THIS WILL SCARCELY CHANCE TO MEET HIS EYES, I WILL GIVE IT TO THE WORLD.

NOT FOR COLD CRITICS TO ANALYZE A WOMAN'S SOUL, AND SPEAK IN WORDLESS MESSAGES.

OR, SINCE THE PLEASURES OF LOVE ARE SO FLEETING, LET US SEE HOW EASILY THEY CAN BE QUENCHED.

EDITH, SAYS MRS. IVES, CARELESSLY DIRECTING HER GLANCE TOWARD ETHAN.

"MY DEAR," SAYS THE GENTLEMAN, READINGLY, "YOU ARE PLACING YOUR HAND ON MY HEART."

"ETHAN, DO ME THE FAVOR TO LOOK WHERE YOU ARE PLACING YOUR HAND. YOU WILL SPILL MY FLOWERS.

THEN, COLDLY, TO THE GUEST, "IT IS AN EXQUISITE FLOWER-PIECE, IS IT NOT? AND WE DO NOT EVEN KNOW TO WHAT KIND FRIEND WE ARE INDEBTED FOR SO MUCH BEAUTY."

"AHHH!" SAYS MRS. IVES, CARELESSLY DIRECTING HER GLANCE TOWARD EDITH.

"EDITH, SAYS MRS. IVES, STERNLY, "AS MRS. TRIKLEY, LET ME IMPOSE YOU TO CULTIVATE MORE LADYLIKE MANNERS. I SHOULD BE MORE HAPPY IF MY FRIEND WOULD BE SO MUCH YOUR FRIEND AS TO OVERLOOK YOUR FRIENDSHIP."

"CAN YOU DOUTH THAT?" MRS. IVES LAUGHS, IN HER PECCULARLY FASCINATING WAY.

"YOU FORGET, ETHAN, BECAUSE YOU ARE SO MUCH OLDER THAN YOUR BRIDE, THAT SHE IS NOT QUITE A CHILD, TO BE REPROVED BEFORE COMPANY.

ONLY, MY DEAR," TURNING NONCHALANTLY TO HER YOUNG HOSTESS, WHOSE EYES AND CHEEKS WERE AFIRE WITH ANGER, "LET ME WARN YOU, FROM MY KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR HUSBAND'S CHARACTER, THAT YOU WILL FIND HIM A MAN SO DEVOTED TO HIS FRIENDS THAT HIS HONOR WILL RESCENT ANY INJUSTICE DONE THEM."

"ALICE," SAYS MR. TRIKLEY, SOFTLY, AS HIS BRIEFS SWEEPS ANGRILY AWAY, "YOU ARE AS FIENDISHLY SARCASTIC AS EVER."

"OHHH! PARDON ME, I AM AS INNOCENT OF SARCASTIC AS THESE FLOWERS. HOW COULD I BE OTHERWISE? ONE DOES NOT USUALLY WASTE ARROWS UPON THE AIR. BUT, TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT, HOW VERY AWKWARD IT WAS OF THAT FLORIST NOT TO ATTACH THE CARD I LEFT FOR THIS BASKET. IT WAS QUITE MARVELOUS THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED THE SENDER WITHOUT IT!"

"VIOLETS AND ROSES! YOUR FLOWERS! MY MEMORY IS BETTER THAN YOU THINK!"

"YES, MY FLOWERS," SHE SAYS, DREAMILY.

"IN HOW MANY SCENES OF MY LIFE HAVE THEY FORMED A PART, UNTIL THEY HAVE BECOME SO DEAR TO ME THAT THEY WERE THE COSTELST OFFERING I COULD MAKE UPON THE SHRINE OF YOUR NEW-FOUND BLISS?"

"ALICE!" HE CRIES, INTENSELY, BETRAYED, AS HE MEANT HE SHOULD BE, INTO FORGETFULNESS OF THE THINGS THAT OUGHT TO KEEP HIM SILENT.

"I KNOW NOW THAT YOU MUST BE, HAVE ALWAYS BEEN, UTTERLY HEARTLESS, OR YOU COULD NOT HAVE MOCKED ME WITH THIS GIFT, THAT—COMING AT THE TIME IT DID, TO REMIND ME OF WHEN THESE FLOWERS WERE MINE, AS WELL AS YOURS, A SYMBOL TO ME OF THE LOVE I WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO BELIEVE YOU BORE ME—WAS BITTER AS A CURSE!"

"IT IS HARDLY NECESSARY FOR YOU TO PLAY A FARCE WITH ME!" ALICE FLASHED BACK AT HIM, HER GAZE MEETING HIS UNFLINCHINGLY.

"BESIDES, YOU ARE FORGETTING YOUR POSITION OF LOVING HUSBAND, WHEN, AT SUCH A TIME AS THIS, YOU CAN SEE TO DECEIVE ME, WHO LEARNED YOUR FACILITY IN THAT ART SO LONG AGO!"

"YOU, ALICE MARVILLE, TALK TO ME OF DECEPTION?" HE BREATHES BACK AT HER, AS THEY STAND BY OCEAN OVER THE LOVELY INCENSING FLOWERS.

"NO, I DO NOT FORGET MY POSITION, BUT, ONCE FOR ALL, I KNOW THAT I AM ATTEMPTING NO FARCE WITH YOU.

I WOULD NOT STOOP TO SUCH REVENGE," HE GOES ON, NOT NOTICING THAT SHE WINCES SLIGHTLY AT THIS REPROACH.

"I AM NOT ASHAMED TO OWN TO ALL THE WORLD, THAT THE WORLD VERY WELL GUessed, THAT I ONCE LOVED YOU, MADLY, AND THAT I HAVE MARRIED NOW, SIMPLY THAT YOU MAY NOT MAKE ME A SECOND TIME YOUR DUPE; FOR, WEAK AS THE ADMIRATION MAY SEEM, EVEN YET, I LOVE THE MEMORY OF ALICE AS I ONCE THOUGHT HER, BEFORE THE DAY I LEARNED THE DEPTHS OF HER TREACHERY!"

"REALLY, THIS IS GETTING INTERESTING! MY TREACHERY! SINCE WHEN DO GENTLEMEN EXCUSE THEIR OWN PERIL IN *affaires du coeur* BY ACCUSING A